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gains! 112

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Mack 3, off Osborne 1, off Jenkins 1.
Umpire—Goehler.

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you the correct emblem in authentic
colors. Whether your tastes be simple or
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then make something handsome to your
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A Republican Newspaper.

Published Daily Except Sunday by
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Daily Mail Building, Fifth Street,
CHARLEROI, PA.

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Local Agencies
Geo. S. Micht.....Charleroi
Dyde Collins.....Speers
D. D. Doolley.....Dunlevy
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Aug. 13 In History.

526—August 13, Roman emperor at
Constantinople, died.
1325—Alleged date of the first known
printing with movable types.
1362—The only serious earthquake ever
felt in Scotland.
1865—Mrs. Mary Pearl Teresa Craigie
(John Oliver Hobbes), author and
dramatist, died; born 1807.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 6:57, rises 5:05; moon rises
8:22 p. m.; moon's age, 17 days; 9 p.
m., planets Mars and Jupiter in con-
junction and changing sides; too near
the sun to be seen.

The Merchants Picnic.

Did you ever see a merchant who
did not possess a dignified bearing,
and look ready to sell goods to you?
If you did not the best opportunity
ever will be afforded next Wednesday,
August 12, when the Charleroi mer-
chants' minus their dignity and shop
expression will don their picnic robes
for the big outing at Eldora Park.
They are looking for a good time and
are going to have it, or there will be
a mighty good reason. The mer-
chants are working faithfully to make
the affair a huge success, and are ex-
pecting large crowd there for the oc-
casion.

The benefits of a church base ball
league where a palver is eligible pro-
viding he enters the portals twice of
a church represented, were aptly
shown at McKeesport yesterday, not.
There was trouble which ended in
a small riot when the Christians and
Central Presbyterians met on the
field, one claiming the other had
"jingers" in their lineup. Yet the
Uniontown and Connellsville church
leagues seem to be very successful.

Wouldn't it be nice to wake up
some fine morning with a feeling that
you do not have to work now, if you
didn't so desire and at the same time
have plenty of money to spend, that
all you had to do to secure was hold
out a ready palm. That is almost
precisely what some share holders on
the Monongahela Division experience
when the Pennsylvania Railroad com-
pany got busy recently and paid off
some of the dividends to the heirs of
a number of those years ago purchased
stock in the road which now extends
from Rices Landing to Pittsburgh.
The stock was thought not very val-
uable by many when purchased but
events of late have proved to the con-
trary.

The Tip Terror.

"Give me a penny, sir, for something
to eat."
"But you've got sixpence in your
hand now. What's that for?"
"Oh, that's to tip the waiter, sir."
—London Globe.

Beelzebubs Bad as Dialect.

Southern people have much to bear-
the articles in the magazines, for ex-
ample, in which northern contributors
try to put out negro dialect. It's enough
to give one the beelzebubs.—Galves-
ton News.

STORY OF THE FLOOD

One of the Strange Legends of
the Yuma Indians.

CAUSE OF THE GREAT STORM.

The Tipping Up of the Earth Caused
the Deluge Which Engulfed the
World—The Mysterious Ark and the
Escape of the Chosen Few.

To this day the great deluge recorded
in the Bible is a mystery to the North
American Indian. He will not be led
to believe that the flood was brought
about by the sins of man. He is
equally unwilling to believe that it was
the work of an angry God, as he could
not see how the Almighty should be so
unjust as to punish the Indians of
America for the naughty things of a
race of people across the ocean. An-
other reason which makes it still more
difficult for the Indian to believe that
the flood was a punishment to the
world is the fact that with him there
is no sin. In his language there is no
such word, nor does he expect to be
punished for any of his acts.

But though there is no equivalent to
the word sin in the Indian language
(nor in the Indian mind until the
Christians came), the Indians have
their philosophy in regard to what is
commonly so termed. Some of their
teachers (most of whom claimed to
have been taught the philosophy of
life and its laws directly by disem-
bodied spirits or by ethereal beings
from other planets) taught that as
man lives here so is his life hereafter.
If he is quarrelsome or warlike here,
so he will be in the more spiritual life.
If he is serene and contented here, so
he will be there, etc.

The deluge, as described by the few
who were miraculously saved, was the
more grandly terrible in that it came
on suddenly. From the highlands oc-
cupied by the Indians they saw the
waves of the sea sweep in upon the
land and recede, only to advance with
immensely increased volume and stu-
pendously huge breakers. Then there
came a terrific storm that seemed to
blow from all and in all directions.
The storm caused huge waterspouts
which appeared over the wild ocean
as far as the eye could see. The ter-
rified people fled to the mountains, but
these were all soon to be submerged,
with the exception of one. This moun-
tain which alone remained uncovered
by the flood is called Avey-bellah
(Mountain of the Moon), yet today it is
not a very high mountain.

For awhile before the mountains be-
came submerged there was a great
calm, and a dense fog covered the
earth. Then suddenly a mighty boat
appeared to the awed view of the In-
dians. It approached and stopped at
the several mountains still uncovered
by the waters, and at each point where
it touched, as if guided by invisible in-
telligence, the Indians, as if obeying
an unspoken but potent command, en-
tered the boat.

The boat rested first at a place called
Avey-quah-lul (mountain peak), now Pil-
lot Knob, on the border of Mexico.
There was a mesa on the top of this
mountain, though at this day it does
not exist, and on this mesa the Indians
first celebrated their delivery. This
they did by playing sacred games,
chanting sacred songs, etc. On rocks
at the foot of this peak there are hiero-
glyphics in an unknown language,
which some of the Indians believe were
made by those who survived the flood.

Petrified driftwood is still to be seen
two thirds the distance up the sides of
Avey-bellah, which drift, the Indians
said, was deposited by the waves of the
great flood.

The Indians, having rested for a time
on the mountain peak, again entered
the boat and were carried eastward,
eventually to a small valley. Here
they again rested, and then, leaving
the boat, they wandered from one place
to another, after a time returning to
the valley. To their surprise, the boat
was gone. It could not have floated
away, for the land was dry whereon
they had left it, the flood having sub-
sided after a great calm of its waters.
The boat could not have crumbled to
pieces, for there had not been time for
its decay. They could only conclude
that the mysterious boat, having ful-
filled its mission of preserving a few
of their race, had disappeared as mi-
raculously as it had appeared.

The spot where the mysterious boat,
or ark, had rested was marked by the
Indians placing there a huge log. They
called the place Quallo-para (boat's
resting place). This spot is held sacred
by the Indians, who will seldom point
it out to strangers. Not many hundred
years ago, it is said, some Indian war-
riors were passing the spot, and one of
them to show his skepticism shot an
arrow into the side of the great log.
Immediately a stream of blood gushed
from the spot pierced, and the skeptic
fell dead. The story of the event was
carried to all the near tribes, and since
then Indians passing the place fear to
even look leisurely at the log.

A reason given by the Indians as the
probable cause of the flood was that
there was a tribe of Indians who, like
Columbus, believed that the earth was
not flat, but round, and to prove whether
this theory were true thousands
from the different tribes banded to-
gether and started out on a journey to find
the edge of the earth if it was flat.
The flood occurred soon after the In-
dians started on this journey, so that
they really believed that those adven-
turers had reached the edge of the
earth and their weight had tipped the
earth to such an extent as to cause the
water to rush in on the land.—Los An-
geles Times.

P. & W. Va. League

Standing of the Clubs.			
	W	L	Pct.
Uniontown.....	52	33	.613
Clarksburg.....	58	37	.611
Connellsville.....	44	41	.519
Charleroi.....	42	44	.488
Fairmont.....	43	53	.448
Grafton.....	28	69	.322

Yesterday's Results.			
Fairmont.....	10	Charleroi.....	4
Connellsville.....	1	Grafton.....	0
Clarksburg.....	6	Uniontown.....	3

Games Today
Clarksburg at Uniontown
Grafton at Connellsville
Fairmont at Charleroi

Among the Exchanges

Corporate Discrimination.

The corporation laws of Pennsylvania
need revision if it be true that a
manufacturing company like the H.
C. Frick Coke Company must take out
separate charters in every township or
its water plants. This is reducing the
the corporation practice to an absurd-
ity.

As a matter of equity and common
sense this coke company should not
have been compelled to take out any
water charters. Every manufactur-
ing corporation should have the in-
herent right to produce, and perhaps
even to barter any raw materials or
manufactured articles essential to the
conduct of their particular business.
Corporations are merely partnerships
and should enjoy all the reasonable
and equitable advantages of partner-
ships. "Equal rights for all" is the
rule in this country.

While the law is seeking to punish
discriminations in favor of the rich
and powerful corporate interests, it
must not be forgotten that the rule
works both ways; and that there
should be no discrimination, either on
the part of the law or the citizens,
for or against the corporations.

It would also be well to remem-
ber that nearly all partnerships are now
incorporated for purposes of conven-
ience.—Connellsville Courier.

His Old College Chums.

A conductor sent a new brakeman to
put some trunks off the train. They
were riding in a box car. The brake-
man dropped into the car and said:
"Where are you fellows going?" "To
Arlington," "Well, you can't go to
Arlington on this train, so get off."
"You get," came the reply, and as the
brakeman was looking into the busi-
ness end of a gun he took the advice
given him and "got." He went back to
the caboose, and the conductor asked
him if he had put the fellows off.
"No," he answered, "I did not have
the heart to put them off. They want
to go to Arlington, and, besides, they
are old schoolmates of mine." The
conductor used some very strong lan-
guage and then said he would put
them off himself. He went over to the
car and met with the same experience
as the brakeman. When he got back to
the caboose, the brakeman said, "Well,
did you put them off?" "Now, they're
schoolmates of mine too,"—Wellington
(Kan.) News.

Bathing an Elephant.

If there is one thing which an ele-
phant enjoys above all things else, it
is his bath. In India elephants are
used to draw the great guns of the
heavy batteries. They take their baths
in the barracks at the troughs where
they drink, and they behave much bet-
ter about it than many children. They
have to lie down and be patient while
they are washed by their attendants.
They turn themselves about very
promptly to suit their convenience.
The attendant rubs the hide with a
piece of stone instead of a sponge, and
if the stone slips out of his hand the
elephant promptly picks it up with his
trunk and hands it back. After they
have been well scrubbed the elephants
give themselves a shower bath, using
their trunks to dash the water upon
themselves, and they can hit any part
of their bodies with ease.—London
Mail.

Clever Birds.

A gentleman tells the following in-
cident in regard to the cleverness of two gold-
finches upon which he kept a close
watch while they were building a nest
on a small branch of a tree. When the
nest was finished he noticed that the
weight of the birds and the eggs was
too great for the strength of the sup-
porting branch. The goldfinches also
perceived that the nest would fall un-
less something was done, and, after a
great deal of bird talk, they flew away
and came back with a stout string.
Then they cleverly fastened the bend-
ing twig to a stronger and higher
branch of the tree, and thus preserved
their nest and its contents from de-
struction.—London Standard.

Settled Out Of Court.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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Judge Sanford was hearing a case in
the — municipal court. The witness
in the chair had just been sworn in,
giving her full name as Lida Graves.
Russell Roe, counsel for the plaintiff,
and an old friend of the Graves fam-
ily, had asked her to tell just what she
had seen regarding the accident when
Mr. Brown had been run down by a
large red touring car some two months
before. He asked a few direct ques-
tions and then turned her over to the
lawyer for the other side.

Hugo Holland, counsel for the owner
of the automobile, hesitated about put-
ting this lovely girl on the rack of
cross examination, and when her great
eyes looked helplessly into his he
almost felt the case was lost.

"What did you say your name was?"
asked Holland, floundering about for a
leading question.

"Lida Graves," replied the witness.
"What do you do for a livelihood?"
followed up Holland.

Lida turned to the kindly faced
judge as if for explanation, and over
his face came a sinister smile.

"He means are you a working
woman?" explained the judge. Then,
turning to Holland, he scowled and
continued: "I wish the counsel would
stop this tomfoolery and ask questions
pertaining to the case. Miss Graves
is a lady of leisure—a blind man could
see that. Come, come," and he rapped
the desk with his gavel.

"You take an oath, do you, that the
chauffeur did not sound the horn?"
said Holland.

"Yes," answered the witness.
"You swear to that, do you?" reiterated
the lawyer.

"How many times do you want the
witness to repeat that statement?" in-
terposed Roe for the other side.

This started a warfare of objections
and exceptions. The two lawyers and
the judge became involved in legal
technicalities. Holland asking one
question and Roe objecting, the judge
seemingly sustaining all objections.
The lawyers indulged in personalities
and the judge pounded for order.
Quiet again reigned in the courtroom.

"From the evidence before me, I
render a verdict in favor of Mr. Brown,
the plaintiff, for \$1,000. The court will
take a recess until 2 o'clock," announce-
ed the judge.

Half an hour later Lida Graves and
her maid entered a fashionable restau-
rant, secured a table in a cool corner
of the room and ordered a light lunch-
eon. She had come into town at the
earliest plea of old Mr. Brown, whom
she had seen injured by the touring
car and had testified in his behalf.

Sipping her iced tea, she glanced
about the room and, to her surprise, at
a nearby table saw the two lawyers
who half an hour ago had been so per-
sonal in their remarks to each other.
The "plumbehead idiot" and the "lantern
jawed attorney" had evidently decided
to bury their differences in a friendly
meal. Mr. Roe caught her eye and in
a few moments came up to her table.

"May I bring my friend Mr. Holland
over to meet you under more favorable
circumstances?" he asked.

"You may not," answered Lida with
some spirit. "That man is a brute.
Why, Mr. Roe, he accused me of—well,
of actually telling an untruth on the
stand."

"Oh, well, that's all in the business,
you know, Miss Lida," soothed Roe.
"He was paid to do that."

"What do you mean—a man receives
money to accuse a woman of—"
Roe saw that his arguments were fu-
tile and returned to his friend. Lida
finished her luncheon and took the train
for Linden Beach, where the Graves
family was spending the summer at a
fashionable hotel.

Stuntering around the broad piazzas
the following Sunday morning she met
face to face the two lawyers, and it
was inevitable that she must meet the
brutal Mr. Holland. Despite her aver-
sion to the man who had cross exam-
ined her, she had to yield to the charm
of his genial manners.

"I say, Miss Graves," he began,
"we're going to appeal that case, you
know."

Lida smiled.
"What case?" she asked.

"Why, my case; that is, your case,"
stammered Holland.

They looked around for Mr. Roe,
but he had disappeared to let them
fight it out alone, and when, several
hours later, he passed them comforta-
bly settled in a rustic seat under the
trees Roe decided that Holland must
be more persuasive out of court than
in it.

Weeks had slipped by, and one
bright Sunday morning found Russell
Roe in his white flannels and Lida in
her daintiest of summer frocks argu-
ing in the sun parlor.

"But, Miss Lida, it's rank injustice,"
he was saying, "it's the meanest kind
of a trick to go over to the other side.
I never would have classed you with
the traitors."

"But I'm not a traitor," answered
Lida, blushing. "I think lawyers on
the whole, and one or two individuals,
are a mean lot. Why, their whole
stock in trade seems to be calling peo-
ple horrid names. Mr. Holland ac-
cused me of prevaricating, and now
you turn about and call me a traitor."

"Well, will you go rowing with me
this afternoon or won't you?" asked
Roe, with a somewhat legal tone.

"It is not a question of whether I

will or not, my dear Mr. Roe, and
Lida, I simply refuse; I have an
other engagement."
"Thank you very much, Mr. Roe, with a tri-
umphant air. "With the lawyer for the
other side; with that mean, de-
picable, little Holland; a man who
stoops to accuse women of untruth; a
man who stoops to steal witnesses; a
thief, a—"

"I refuse to listen to you, Mr. Roe,"
flared Lida, and she turned and left
Roe in his wicker chair to finish his
cigar in solitude.

Roe's face did not take on a very
disconsolate look. Indeed, a casual
observer would have said it was over-
spread with a look of absolute content-
ment. And later in the afternoon
when he saw Lida Graves and his best
friend, Hugo Holland, making their
way toward the wharf the expression
of Roe's face was still that of great
satisfaction.

Hugo pulled a fine stroke, and they
swung into the little cove in a short
time. The twilight shadows fell about
them and conversation had lagged.
Letting the boat drift slowly where
the tide chose to take it, Hugo leaned
forward and gazed into his compan-
ion's face.

"Let's play court," suggested Hol-
land.

"All right," agreed Lida. "I'll be
the judge."

"Not at all," remonstrated Hugo.
"You've had no experience in that line.
You will be the witness in the chair."

"Well, all right. But what are you
going to be?" asked Lida, somewhat
bewildered.

"Oh," said Holland, with great au-
thority, "I'll be all the rest. I'm the
judge, the jury and the lawyer for
both sides. Now, you're on the stand
and under oath, remember."

"Promise you won't ask me how old
I am nor what I do for a living,"
laughed Lida.

"I am now talking to the judge," he
began, and, turning to an imaginary
figure, he continued: "You see the ac-
cused, Hugo Lawrence Holland, is de-
sperately in love with the plaintiff, Lida
Graves."

"Oh, Mr. Holland," interrupted Lida.
"I really do not think—"

"Order in the court," roared Hol-
land. Then, looking directly at Lida,
he said, "Will you listen to this suit
of Holland for your heart and hand?"
Lida laughed. The situation was ir-
resistible.

"It seems that I must—whether I
will or not."

"The one bad feature of the case is
the existence of a two legged beast,"
continued Holland—"one Russell Roe." Looking
directly at the witness, he
said, "Do you love this monstrosity?"
"Certainly not," asserted Lida.
The entire court seemed greatly re-
lieved.

"On your oath?" added Holland.

"On my oath," repeated Lida.

"And—and—" The counsel seemed
to hesitate. He had lost his grip in
some manner. Finally, after much
balking, he asked:

"And this man, this one Hugo Hol-
land, do you care for him—just the
least little bit?"

Lida looked at him for a moment,
and then, with a merry twinkle in her
big eyes, she said, "Please let me be
the judge—just for a minute?"

"All right," said Holland as he
gripped an oar for support.

"Ahem," began Lida with judicial
manner. "I think this case should be
settled out of court. It seems to me
that the plaintiff and the defendant
can make satisfactory arrangements
without the aid of outside parties."

Hugo now gripped both oars and
rowed as if he had entered a varsity
race with his life at stake. They were
on shore in the twinkling of an eye,
and the testimony given there was
even more direct, for Lida was in
Hugo's arms and her face was very
close to his.

Angler's Bitter Memories.

Although angling has been and still
is one of the chief delights of my life,
something bitter always arises when I
think of my fishing experiences.
Taught from my earliest years to han-
dle a rod and throw a fly, it has never-
theless never been my good fortune to
grasp a really big fish. On the other
hand, some of the greatest duffers, so
far as angling goes, I have ever known
have "wiped my eye" time and again
at salmon fishing. Only a year or two
since I had a friend staying with me
at Dunpiper castle, who, to the best of
my belief, had never before handled a
salmon rod or any kind of rod in his
life. But almost at the first cast—
one could dignify the action by such a
name—he rose, hooked and eventually
grasped a forty pounder. Another
friend, also a most indifferent fisher-
man, killed single handed a splendid
fish that went all but fifty pounds.
But I, who have given years to the
game, have never seen my spring bal-
ance tally more than thirty-one pounds.
—Earl of Kinnoull in M. A. P.

The Comedian's Wit.

On a first night at the B— theater,
a well known comedian once displayed
remarkable presence of mind. He was
alone on the stage and was supposed
to be expecting anxiously the arrival
of a friend.

"He comes!" he exclaimed, looking
off on the left. "Joy! I had been
awaiting him so impatiently."

At this one his friend entered—on the
right! Some one had blundered—but
who? There was no time for hesita-
tion, and the veteran player's ready
wit came to his aid.

"Sly dog!" he said jocosely to the
newly arrived. "You thought to take
me by surprise, but I saw you in the
looking glass yonder!"

This brought down the house, though
the audience had been on the point of
busting the very palpable blunder the
friend had made.—London Tit-Bits.

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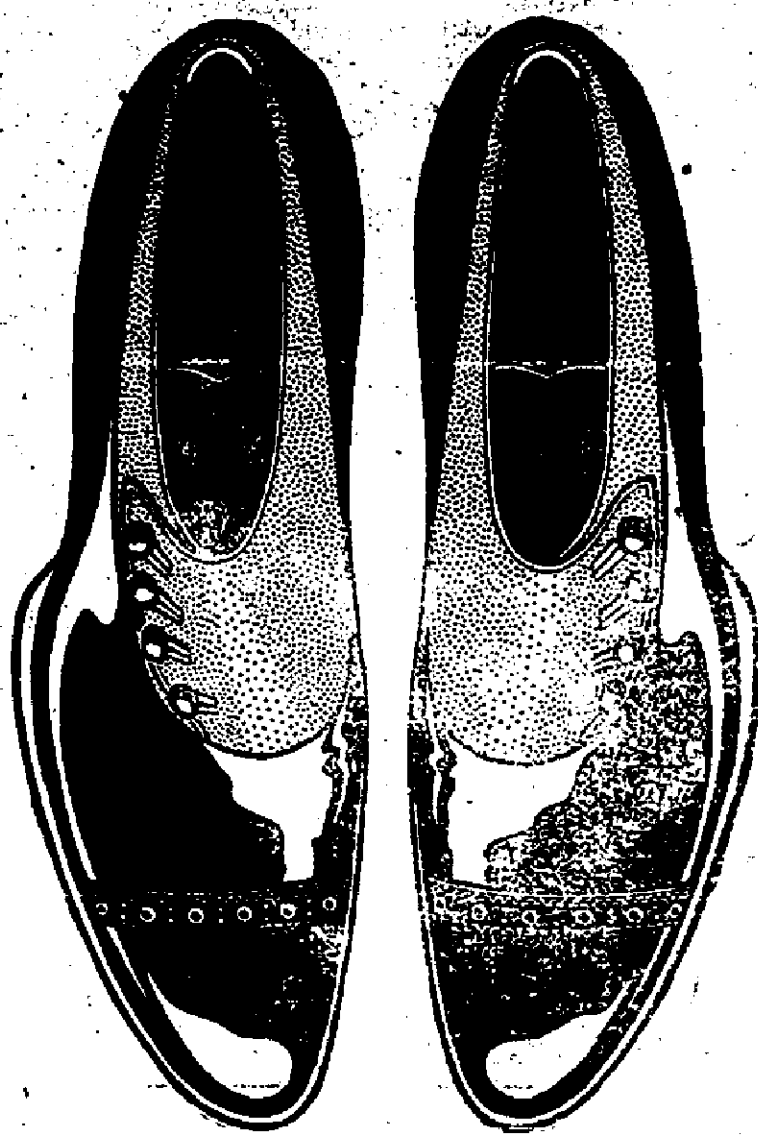
Making More Than a Living

Nearly every man who works
steadily makes more than a liv-
ing. During these slow times
the men who have saved some-
thing appreciate what it is to
have something laid away for a
rainy day. A few cents a day
soon counts up, and when sav-
ings are placed in a bank, they
tidily interest the owner in pro-
portions that safeguard against
work is not pleas-
up how much more
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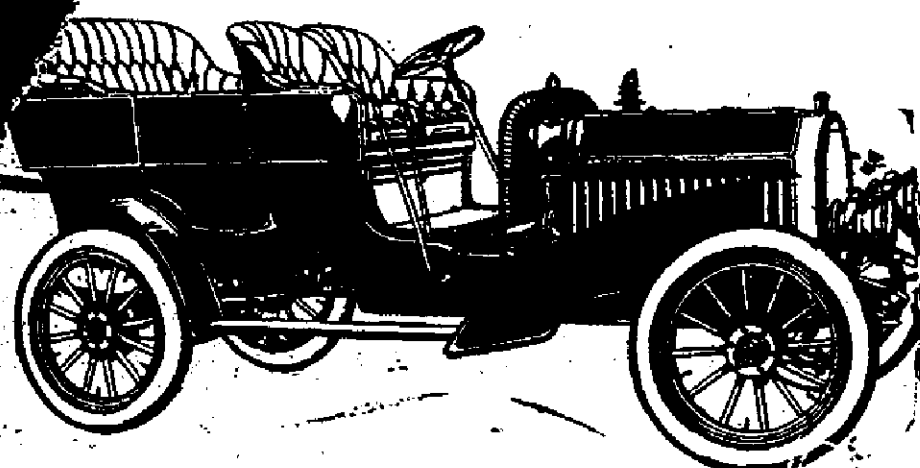
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Watch Our Big Ad. for Saturday



BUICK AUTOMOBILES

Give more miles for the money than any other car made. They have been run for 6000 miles and never held up for a moment. Will travel up hill and through mud with the best cars manufactured. They have been run 10,000 miles and were still as good as the day they were built.

Model No. 10, 4 cylinder, 20 h. p. runabout, \$1,100.
Model G, 2 cylinder, 22 h. p. runabout, \$1,150.
Model F, 2 cylinder, 22 h. p. touring car, \$1,250.

A. D. SPENCER

1000 Main Ave. and Second St.

CHARLOTTE, N.C.

Half of the Pleasure.

The youngest girl of a Baltimore family was recently much distressed at dessert to discover that there was ice cream for dinner.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed the youngster reproachfully, "why didn't they tell me this morning that we were going to have ice cream?"

"What difference would that have made?"

"Lots," sighed the child. "I could have expected it all day."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Wanted a Pusher.

"What did the new neighbors come to borrow now?"

"They wanted the lawn mower."

"Is that all?"

"That was all they spoke about, but I think from the way they stood around they would like to have borrowed my husband to run it."—Nashville American.

Apothecary's Weight.

"I'm sure," whispered the gossip, "that Mr. Pillsbury, the druggist, takes a dram occasionally."

"Yes," replied the bright girl. "I believe he has no scruples in that direction."—Philadelphia Press.

Not For His.

The Boston Teacher—Waldo, would you like to have lived in ancient Greece?

The Boston Pupli—No, ma'am.

B. T.—And why not, pray?

B. P.—As I understand it, Greek mothers wore wooden sandals and Greek boys didn't wear any trousers.—Cleveland Leader.

Her Compliment.

"Uncle Jehoshaphat, I'm going to name my kitten after you."

"Well, well, that is nice of you."

"Oh, it's all right. Mother says I've got to drop the thing anyhow."—Illustrated Bits.

An Anomalous One.

"Pop, wot's an anomaly?"

"An anomaly," answered the chauffeur, "is a man who keeps an automobile without kicking about the cost of repairs."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Some Doubts.

New Curate—How's your wife, Jabez?

Jabez—Er's very doubtful, master. The doubts as 'er won't get better, and disbelievable as 'er will—Fraser.

The Wisdom of Miss Susan.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"Your Aunt Susan was a remarkable woman, Miss Molly," said the lawyer, looking keenly at the black gown and young woman before him, "and we must therefore not be surprised that she should have made a remarkable will." He tapped a folded document that lay on the table.

"I am quite sure Aunt Susan has made a wise disposition of her property. I only wish she had been spared longer to enjoy it," said Molly Fancher, her pretty eyes red from weeping.

"As you are the only relative Miss Wood had, and as your name is the only one mentioned in her will, I may as well proceed to make you acquainted with its contents. Ahem!" The lawyer unfolded the document and held it close to his spectacled eyes as he read slowly and impressively:

"I give and bequeath all the property of which I may die possessed, as per items below, to my beloved niece, Mary Wood Fancher, on condition that she does not become the wife of Ralph Newcomb. If she—"

"Stop, please," said Molly quietly. She had arisen and now stood, with pale face and flashing eyes, beside him. "You need not finish reading the will, Mr. Jones. The conditions are preposterous. I can hardly believe that my dear Aunt Susan could have asked such a thing of me." She knew of her engagement to Mr. Newcomb and, sanctioned it. She welcomed him into the family as a son and—Sobs choked her utterance, and she pressed a handkerchief to her trembling lips.

"Pray compose yourself, Miss Molly," said the perturbed lawyer. "As I said before, your Aunt Susan was a remarkable woman, and—"

"The will cannot interest me now," said Miss Fancher gravely. "I intend to marry Mr. Newcomb at the appointed time, and you may follow out the terms of the will—whatever they are. How soon will it be necessary for me to vacate the house?"

"Not under six months, as a generous income is provided for that period. In case you refuse to comply with the conditions of the will, Miss Wood has left a sealed document in my hands which definitely disposes of the estate."

Molly bowed soberly. "I think my aunt must have concealed some prejudice against Mr. Newcomb. I hope—I am sorry—"

"You are sure you are not making a mistake, Miss Molly? Pardon me, but it is a large estate—about a million."

"I don't care if it is ten millions," retorted Molly, indignation drying her tears. "I would not barter my love for any amount." She blushed warmly as she met the lawyer's honest, admiring glance and drew down her black veil.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Jones. I am quite sure you will execute my aunt's last wishes in the same conscientious manner that you have always handled her interests." A moment later she had passed from the building and entered her waiting carriage.

When she entered the sober, old-fashioned mansion that had been the home of Susan Wood for half a century and which had been her own birthplace Molly Fancher's overstrained nerves gave way for the first time since the lingering illness of Miss Wood had resulted in her death a week before.

In spite of the old lawyer's repeated requests that she should bear the terms of her aunt's will the grief-stricken girl had refused admittance to Mr. Jones until this morning, when she had roused herself from her sorrow and made ready to take upon herself the responsibilities that she had been taught to believe would be hers after Miss Wood's death.

The reading of the will was a shock to her. The loss of the inheritance was as nothing compared to the knowledge that her aunt had secretly cherished a dislike if not a distrust of Ralph Newcomb, Molly's accepted lover. It was this thought that rankled in the girl's mind all that long afternoon while she awaited his coming in the evening.

"Dear heart," he cried cheerily as he entered the drawing room, "if you shut yourself up in this gloomy house much longer without companionship save that of Mrs. Rogers, why, I shall—"

He paused as he turned her face to the soft light of the lamp. "Something unusual has happened, Molly. Tell me what it is."

She smiled bravely at him and stilled her trembling lips. "I have been to hear Aunt Susan's will read," she said slowly.

"Well?" Molly found herself listening for some note of anxiety or even unusual interest in his tone as he asked the question that he had always accorded when riches was a topic of conversation, and she sighed relievedly.

"She leaves everything to me—conditionally."

"And the conditions?"

"That I do not marry you!" The softly uttered words startled him strangely. His arms loosened their hold upon her and dropped to his sides.

"You cannot mean it. There must be some mistake, Molly," he said gravely. "Miss Wood surely did not distrust the quality of my love for you. It is very strange."

"I can scarcely believe it of Aunt Susan, but, Ralph, dear, I am not afraid of poverty, and you are poor—"

and I will be poor with you, and we will live in that delightful studio building."

Newcomb gathered her into his arms tenderly. "You have made your decision?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you know what you are giving up?"

"I am only sorry that I am bringing you nothing but love, dear," she said earnestly.

"We can get along on that," he said grimly, "with a few little added frills in the way of meat and drink that I may be able to worry out of the editors, but—it isn't fair to you, darling—to leave all this." He looked about the richly furnished room and then back into her eyes.

"You cannot believe that I really love you, Ralph," she murmured protestingly.

"I do now, sweetheart," he said, kissing her lips reverently, and then, a few moments later, he added, "I shall prove my trust in your love, Molly—will you marry me at once—this week?"

"Yes, Ralph," she said.

It was perhaps six months later that Lawyer Jones mounted the last long step flight of stairs that led to the Eyrie, as Ralph Newcomb called his studio apartment. He looked about the bare, uncompromising hall that could not be dignified by the name of corridor and then rapped smartly on the door in front of him.

Molly opened the door—the same Molly who had never lifted a dairy finger in household matters. Her brown hair was in sweet confusion about her pink cheeks and the sleeves of her linen frock were pushed above her elbows. A great gingham apron enveloped her slim figure.

She welcomed him with all her old charm of manner and ushered him into a long, many gabled room, where Ralph Newcomb sat pale and weary-eyed before a glowing fire.

"My husband has been very ill," said Molly seriously as the men shook hands cordially. "He has been working too hard and—But he is so much better now. It has been a most trying siege for him." Her red lips closed firmly, and the old lawyer guessed at the unuttered story that lay behind those lips. A glimpse of the bare studio, the remains of a very simple meal, a portfolio of drawings on a chair, over the back of which was thrown Molly's coat and hat—it all spoke of poverty, and the sort of poverty that perhaps is hardest to bear.

The thought of lovely Molly Fancher trudging the streets in and out of editorial offices with a portfolio of drawings and never losing her bright, brave smile of hope and sweet content stirred the lawyer strangely.

"I have come to inform you of the final disposition of your late aunt's fortune," he said rather gruffly, adjusting his eyeglasses and taking an envelope from his pocket.

"I don't believe we are interested in that," remarked Ralph smilingly. "Miss Susan gave us our knockout blow several months ago. You certainly haven't come to gloat over us, Mr. Jones? Eh, Molly?"

She laughed softly. "We are awfully poor, but we are likewise awfully happy, Mr. Jones. Poor Aunt Susan didn't know."

"My dear young people," interrupted the lawyer gravely, "Miss Wood did know. In her youth she chose between love and riches, and she preferred the latter, and except for her little niece she was a very lonely and unhappy woman. She gave Miss Molly the same choice, not that she distrusted either of you, but she did want you both to be sure of each other's love." He paused and cleared his throat as he rustled the document. "I will read: 'I give and bequeath my entire estate to be equally divided between Ralph Newcomb and his wife, Molly Fancher Newcomb.'"

"Poor Aunt Susan! I misjudged her so," cried Molly contritely when they had recovered from their amazement. "But I love to think that she had such faith in us both, after all! We have been very happy, Ralph, dear, even if we have been poor." She moved to her husband's side and slipped her hand in his.

"We will never be any happier," he said solemnly.

Mr. Jones paused when he reached the lower entrance of the studio building and leisurely lighted a cigar. "Very wise for a woman—Miss Wood—very wise, indeed," he said thoughtfully.

Winning the Bet.

A London merchant who had a rather ruddy complexion, after "doing" Glasgow, had some time to wait for his train at St. Enoch station and thought himself of a little joke.

"What is the name of this station, my good fellow?" he asked of a porter.

"St. Enoch station, sir."

A few minutes later he met the same porter and said:

"What did you call this station, porter?"

"St. Enoch's! Dae ye no see the name above the hotel there?"

Just then the train came in, and our English friend got comfortably seated in a third class smoker along with a few more passengers.

"These railway officials are about the worst. They can't be civil," remarked the Londoner.

"That's a confounded lee," said a Scotch farmer.

"Well," said the Londoner, "I'll bet five bob I don't get a civil answer from the first porter I ask a question of."

"Done!" replied the old farmer.

Looking out, he spied his porter and, beckoning him over, asked in his most polite tone:

"Would you kindly tell me the name of this station, porter?"

"Gang awa', ye bacon faced buff! Fit yer daft hold in!" was the answer.

WHEN BUSINESS IS DULL

Don't lay down, or in other words quit. A quitter never won a race or even created a favorable opinion

Make plenty of noise by advertising and the prospective purchaser will always have his eye on you.

Try this wonderful way and see the stimulating effect it has upon business.

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

We Offer Some Particularly Attractive Specials

A Final Close Out
of tailored cloth suits.
Regular \$25, now **\$15.00**
Regular \$20, now **\$13.50**

Wash Goods
31 in. sheer batistes in beautiful patterns, regularly 15c, at **9c**

Women's Gloves
Fine lisle gloves in white, black, grey and tan, worth up to 50c at a pair **15c**

Trimmed Hats
Odd lot of hats, were up to \$7.00 at **\$1.50**

Women's Hose
Plain black embroidered hose, regularly 50c at **38c**

Bath Towels
Extra large and heavy, bleached Turkish bath towels at a pair **25c**

Men's Shirts
Attached cuff negligee shirts in light colors, worth 75c, at **50c**

Eagle Shirts
One lot 1.50 Eagle shirts in nice desirable patterns **75c**

Ingrain Carpets
Best all wool filled ingrain carpet, regular price 1.00-1.25, go at **65c**

Insertions
Swiss insertions in good staple patterns, regular price 50c, at this sale **39c**

Swiss Flouncings
Splendid variety of patterns, well made edges, regular price 1.25, price **69c**

Women's Gloves
12 button lisle gloves, black, tan, white, regularly **69c**

Bed Spreads
Full size white crochet bed spreads, regularly 1.00 at **77c**

Lace Curtains
Beautiful lace curtains, full length, slightly soiled, at half price.

Children's Wash Dresses
Gingham and madras dresses, size 4 to 14 years, worth up to \$4, at half price

Ladies' Umbrellas
Gold and pearl handle silk umbrellas, worth **\$2.50**

Wash Fabrics
The very finest imported wash goods in all sorts of beautiful patterns and colors, regularly 50c, yard **25c**

Ladies' Linen Collars
Big assortment fancy linen collars, regularly 25c, at **10c**

Ladies' Suits
One lot suits, all newest spring styles, good colors at half price.

White Waists
Women's fine white lawn waists, beautifully embroidered, all sizes regularly worth 1.00 at **39c**

Men's Wash Ties
Wash ties, regularly 25c, at this sale **19c**

Bed Sheets
Bleached muslin sheets of a good quality, size 81 x 90 ins., regularly worth 69c, at **47c**

Handkerchiefs
200 dozen women's fine white hemstitched handkerchiefs, regularly worth 10c each, at **5c**

House Dresses
A neat waist and full gored skirt, much more desirable than a wrapper, all sizes, worth 1.75 at **98c**

Linen Towels
Large all linen buck and bleached damask towels, hemmed, hemstitched, regularly 29c each **19c**

Personal Mention

Thomas Campbell of California was in Charleroi yesterday calling on friends and transacting business.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Richardson have left for Bentleyville where they will spend sometime at camp.

Mrs. Jennie Cupp has returned from Buffalo N. Y. where she spent several days.

Miss Mary McKean has returned from a few days spent at Chautauque, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Orange have returned from a visit at Lake Chautauque.

Mrs. Samuel Victor has returned to her home in Pittsburg after a visit with friends.

Adolph Beigel was a Pittsburg visitor yesterday.

G. Thomas Barger has returned from Dunkard's Creek, where he spent about three weeks in camp with a party of Pittsburg men.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter, of Morgantown, W. Va. are spending a few days in Charleroi with relatives.

Mrs. W. C. Ritchey and daughter left yesterday for Everett to spend some time with relatives.

Turner and the Doctor.
When Turner, the famous painter, was dying at Chelsea he sent in despair for a Ramsgate doctor who had done him some good during his recent stay at that place and who, he hoped, might take a different view of his case from that which the London physicians had expressed. The doctor arrived and confirmed the opinion that the artist had very little time longer to live. "Wait a bit," said Turner to the doctor. "You have had nothing to eat and drink yet, have you?" "No, but that's of no consequence." "But it is," replied the painter. "Go downstairs, and there is some fine brown sherry—don't spare it—and then come up and see me again." The doctor refreshed himself and then came back to the patient. "Now, then," said Turner, "what is it? Do you still think so badly of my case?" The doctor regretfully said he could not alter his former opinion. The artist shook his shoulders, turned his face to the wall and never spoke again!—Dundee Advertiser.

A Rich Woman's Closet.
"The nearest approach to a Bluebeard's closet that I ever saw," said a woman the other day, "was in the country house of one of New York's most fashionable women."
"I didn't know her, but in a queer, roundabout way I was once shown over the house and saw Mrs. V.'s private apartments. I pretty nearly fainted when I walked into a room where a dozen or more women were apparently hanging from the ceiling."
"When I came to I found that what I had taken to be a choice collection of female corpses was really a lot of manikins. Mrs. V. had them made after her own measurements, and her choicest costumes were kept on them when not in use."
"Her maid would fasten a gown on to a manikin, put something over it to keep the dust off and then by means of a rope and pulley draw the whole thing to the ceiling. It was a fine arrangement, but looked as if Bluebeard had been around."—New York Sun.

The Old Master.
Mistress (to new servant)—I must impress upon you, when you go to the dining room, not to try to get the dirt off the 'Old Master' with a wet rag, but use a dry, soft cloth only. Servant—Mercy on us, marm; be I to wash the master?—London Tatler.

The world is dying for want not of good preaching, but of good hearing.—Boardman.

At the Seaside.
"Oh, George, can't you just smell the salt water?"
"More than that, Maria—I can taste it in the ice cream."—Detroit Free Press.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL
WANT COLUMN
ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion if PAID IN ADVANCE.
No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Post, For Rent, For Sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 143tf

WANTED—Sewing by the day or week. Children's sewing a specialty. 819 Fallowfield avenue. 294tf

CARDS—Call and see our samples of stylish calling cards. Printed or engraved. Charleroi Mail. 134 tf

LOST—Back comb with gold band and setting, somewhere between Fifth and Seventh streets. Suitable reward if returned to 14 Mail Office, 310tp6.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply 638 Fallowfield avenue, Monier residence. 318tp2.

A First Class Music Store
Charleroi has a music store where everything that's musical is sold. It may be a piano, or it may be a violin, or phonograph. We can furnish it. We handle such a large quantity of musical goods, the scope of our business is so large, that we are always able to make prices the lowest and terms the easiest. Post yourself on the fine lists we handle in pianos and you will understand why it is unnecessary for anybody to go outside of Charleroi to buy.
W. F. Frederick Music Co.,
J. J. KING, Retail Manager, Fallowfield Ave.

FURNACE HEATING
Insures a good circulation of warm air and is the cheapest way to heat your residence. If you are going to build, why not have your house piped for a furnace and save the cost of extra chimneys. Call and get estimate. We handle the best makes. XXth Century and Wise, and have experienced men who put them up. We do all kinds of roofing and repair work. Your tin, work should be painted every year or two. We can do that or sell you the paint and you can do it. Phone us your wants. Both Phones.
D. N. HALL 412 Fallowfield Avenue

Let Us Protect Your Valuables
The Charleroi Savings & Trust Company has the most complete equipment in Safe Deposit Vaults. Being both Fire and Burglar-Proof, they assure Positive Protection. Why not rent one of our Safe Deposit Boxes now? The cost is small—only \$5 and up per year.
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES TO RENT, \$5.00 AND UP PER YEAR
Charleroi Savings & Trust Co.
CHARLEROI, PENNSYLVANIA.
4 per cent. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts
Compounded twice a year
Capital and Undivided Profits \$243,000.00

Read the Mail

BASEBALL

Charleroi base ball Park

GRAFTON

VS.

CHARLEROI

AUGUST 14, 15

Thursday Ladies Admitted Free.

Berryman's

CHARLEROI'S LIVE STORE

Advertise in the Mail

... BRICK ...
California Clay Manufacturing Co.
Get our Prices on
Common and Face Brick
Room 21,
Trust Co. Bldg. CHARLEROI, PA.

J. M. FLEMING
PLUMBING AND
GAS FITTING
Gas Ranges and Chandeliers,
Garden Hose and Gas Hose
Masonic Building
Charleroi, Pa.

Buy Green Goods at Masters'
We are handling so much in the line of green goods that you are always sure of your purchases being fresh. When thinking about something dainty and nice for the table don't forget that we are always glad to send little purchases to the house in time for the next meal.
J. E. MASTERS & CO.
Fourth St. and Fallowfield Ave. Charleroi, Pa.

Jefferson Davis' Ambition.
Jefferson Davis was a man of most sincere conviction and courageous action, and when the Southern Confederacy was about to be organized his single ambition was the command of the Confederate army. This I had from his own lips at his residence at Beauvoir, Miss., some fifteen years after the war. He told me that when he started for Montgomery, Ala., when the movement began for the organization of the Confederacy he hoped to be called to the command of the army, but before he reached Montgomery he was advised of his election as provisional president. When he reached the new capital of the Confederacy he found it impossible to change conditions, and he was compelled to accept the presidency, and he entered upon that duty as conscientiously as any public man ever entered upon an official career.—Colonel A. K. McClure in "Confederate Veterans."

A Yoga Story.
For fourteen years Bava Luchman Dass received from the priests of the Black Caves of central India the necessary education in order to become a yoga, as a yoga must be capable of taking the forty-eight postures of the Hindoo idols. Perhaps the greatest trick consists in balancing himself on the ends of his fingers while the whole of his body is in the air. Bava stated that in order to obtain the rank of yoga in the Black Caves of India he had to continue in this position on the ends of his fingers under the eyes of the judges, without a second's interval, for seven days and nights.—Strand Magazine.

Low Necked Dresses.
In the early days of Pennsylvania there was a law, as we learn from documents in the state department, which stated as follows: "That if any white female of ten years or upward should appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, courthouse, tavern, ball, theater or any other place of public resort with naked shoulders—i. e., low necked dresses—being able to purchase necessary clothing, she shall forfeit and pay a fine of not less than \$100 nor more than \$200."

Poker and Bridge.
Knicker—I was sitting up with a very sick friend last night. I tell you, Mrs. Knicker—Yes, I sat up with his sick wife all this afternoon.—Harper's Bazar.
Seldom is a smooth tongue without a sting behind.—Irish Proverb.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

Entered second class mail at Charleroi, June 15, 1895, according to Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 9. No. 1

CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA. THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1908

One Cent

SURPRISE IN STORE FOR CONTESTANTS IN EVENT

Sports Committee Makes Announcement This Morning Which Will Cause Many To Go To Eldora Park On August 19.

Work to have the picnic and outing this year the best event of the kind ever held by the Charleroi Merchants is being continued, and the whole by good results. The entries for the various races are not coming in as speedily as they might, considering that the big event of the year is only a matter of six days away. To stimulate interest in the sports the committee this morning made the announcement that a surprise is in store for all contestants, whether winners or not in the various races. The committee would not divulge what the surprise would be, or the nature of it, but it is given to understand it is something good.

REUNION OF VETERANS AT OLYMPIA PARK

A monster reunion of the Old Boys of the 54th—68th, volunteers of Pennsylvania, American Veterans of Foreign Service and the United States Reserves will be held at Olympia Park, August 20 and 21. The reunion will be under the auspices of John J. Ward Post No. 10. On Thursday evening August 20, a sham battle in which 2000 of Uncle Sam's Boys will participate will be held. On Friday evening there will be a skirmish. It is expected that Governor Edwin M. Stuart, Maj. General John A. Wiley, Congressman Francis J. Burke, Senators Barenfield and Laughlin and other notable men will be present and deliver addresses. A street parade will be held Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. The committee on arrangements consists of Harry and Harry

OFFICERS ARE ON LOOKOUT FOR MAN WHO PASSED CHECK

Monongahela, Aug. 12.—A slick swindler who is alleged to have passed bogus checks here and at Finleyville, is being searched for by the police. The man, well dressed and prosperous looking, is claimed to have purchased at the store of A. B. Cowan, a pair of trousers and tendered a check for payment. The paper bore the name of Brody Bros., of Finleyville and was drawn upon the First National Bank of that place. The man was given his change and the check later found to be a fraud. Communications with Finleyville brought fourth the fact that merchants at that place had been similarly swindled, recently supposedly by the same artist.

Men to Meet

The Pittsburgh coal miners called for Tuesday night, at 5 o'clock, for a meeting of considering the resignation of District No. 5. The workers of America, for the check-off from 50 cents per month. A meeting was held last week with the miners. The operators were unanimous in refusing to increase the amount of money deducted from the miner's wages every month to be paid to the union, which is called the check-off system. On account of the small number of operators who attended the conference last week, it was decided to hold a meeting of the operators alone, when an effort will be made to have all the members of the association present and to reach a definite conclusion in regard to the request of the union. The meeting of the operators will be held in the office of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh. A prominent operator said that it might be necessary to hold another meeting with the miners, but that it was likely that a conclusion would be reached in regard to what action would be taken and that the officers of the union would be sent a written statement informing them of the decision of the mine owners.

Do You Want to Save 50 Cents

If so be at Wells' store Saturday morning, 10 o'clock. Kirk and Clark will sell everything at Great Reductions.

Read The Mail.

TRUE BILL IS RETURNED IN CHARLEROI CASE

The grand jury, hard at work, at Washington yesterday found a true bill against two Charleroi young men, Scott Workman and William Gilmer, charged with having attempted to enter the warehouse at the wharf and take goods therefrom on the night of June 26. Both are well known young fellows.

The merchants are all preparing to attend and are inviting all their friends and neighbors. It is the intention to have the outing this year the best ever, and make it a matter of history for the town. Now is just the time for picnics, next week to be an especially busy time for the parks everywhere.

CHARLEROI TEAM WINS THIRD FROM BELLE VERNONITES

The Belle Vernon Firemen's baseball team came to town again last evening with the alleged intention of beating the local firemen's team, but buckled up against the wrong proposition, the score when the smoke of battle had rolled away being 10 to 6 favoring Charleroi. But six innings were played, it being a nice game throughout. At the last of the sixth inning the score was a tie. George W. Might hit for three bags, and scored on another hit following which three runs went over. Province twirled for Charleroi and Glass for Belle Vernon.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup is especially recommended for children. It tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. Sold by Piper Bros. eod.

TODAY THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF FIGHT

Today is the tenth anniversary of the Battle of Manila, in the Philippines, in which the Tenth regiment made such a name for themselves. There were ten or twelve young men from this place, members of Company A, who were in the thickest of the battle on that memorable day.

Cascasweet is for babies and children, and especially good for illis so common in hot weather. Look for the ingredients on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by Piper Bros. eod.

Take Kodol whenever you feel that you need it. That is the only time you need to take Kodol. Just when you need it; then you will not be troubled with sour stomach, belching, gas on the stomach, etc. Sold by Piper Bros. eod.

A Striking Resemblance. "Why does old Richman call his auto after his son-in-law, the Duke?" "Because its first cost was the smallest item."—Philadelphia Ledger.

COMICAL DOINGS AT BALL LOT

The word had passed around that there was to be a game of ball played over at the ball lot yesterday and that a team was coming from a place away up the Monongahela waterway, known by the latest historians as Fairmont, to compete with a nine from this village. When the time arrived for the contest to begin there was a large assemblage present in the inclosure, to witness the combat. But somehow a mistake had been made for it was not a game of baseball that was to be played, rather a game of umpire and you try and do something funny and I'll laugh.

The game was not a laughable occurrence all the way through, however. For the first four innings it was a rattling good contest, then Goehler, the chief exhibition master, began to say funny things. In other words and to make things plain so that no misunderstanding will result, he was "rotten." Balls he called strikes, and strikes he called balls; outs on bases he called safeties, the former being the most noticeable. Finally, Mack, who was pitching splendid ball when hisumps would allow, got mad and quit in the middle of the fourth inning. Osborne then took the mound but soon learned the state of matters and the best he could do was to lob the ball over at the plate and let the Monties smash it. After the umpire acted so crookedly some of the Cherubs began to play horse and helped in giving the game away. Fairmont followed the example and tried to do laughable things.

Charleroi scored two in the second on a single, an error and a three bagger; in the sixth on two doubles, in the eighth O'Hare got his home run.

Fairmont got four runs in the fifth on three singles, a double and a fielder's choice. In the sixth they got three on three singles and a base on balls. Two in the eighth came on a double and two errors.

The umpire was escorted from the grounds by the police. Score:

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r.	0	0	1	1	0
Cosgrove, 2.	0	1	5	1	0
Dunn, s.	0	0	2	2	0
O'Hare, m.	2	2	1	1	1
Twobey, l.	0	1	2	0	0
Dailey, c.	0	2	5	0	0
Leach, c.	0	0	2	0	0
Heinz, l.	0	0	9	0	2
Houser, 3.	1	1	0	0	0
Mack, p.	1	0	0	4	0
Osborne, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	4	7	27	12	3

FAIRMONT	R	H	P	A	E
Core, l.	2	2	1	0	1
King, s.	1	0	3	3	1
Parker, 2.	1	0	6	1	0
Keener, r.	1	1	3	0	0
Snodgrass, c.	1	3	5	2	0
Hought, m.	0	0	2	0	0
Cates, 2.	0	0	1	2	0
Fisher, l.	1	1	7	1	0
Jenkins, p.	3	3	1	2	0
Totals	10	10	27	11	2

Fairmont..... 0 0 0 4 3 0 2 1—10
Charleroi..... 0 0 2 0 0 1 0 1—4
Two base hits—Snodgrass, O'Hare. Keener. Three base hits—Cosgrove. Home run—O'Hare. Sacrifice hit—Cosgrove. Stolen base—Nally. Struck out—By Mack 4, by Osborne 1.

ROSCOE PEOPLE CLAIM DAMAGES FROM BOROUGH

Andrew Reid and Ellen Reid through their attorney, A. M. Templeton, have filed a damage suit against the borough of Roscoe. The claim is for \$750. The amount is sought to recompense the father and his daughter for injuries and expense incident thereto by reasons of injuries received by the daughter on a public thoroughfare in Roscoe.

The accident occurred on May 1, 1907. At the time Ella Reid was walking along a boardwalk on a street in Roscoe on her way to her home in Stockdale. A broken board in the walk resulted in her receiving a fall, which she says caused a serious injury to one of her knees. She alleges she was laid up for several weeks and the father compelled to spend considerable money for medical attention given the injuries. Attorney Charles Phillips entered his appearance for the borough.

Fine Embroideries and White Goods. going for less than wholesale prices—Wells stock sale, be on hand early.

BENTLEYVILLE CAMP MEETING BEGINS FRIDAY

The camp meeting held annually will open its services on Friday night of this week. The meeting will be in charge of the Rev. J. W. McIntyre of Washington, who has had an extended experience in camp meeting work. He will have an able corps of helpers, among them being Mrs. W. L. Murphy of Sebring, O. Mrs. Murphy is peculiarly gifted in work with young people and she will have charge of the young peoples meetings held each day in a fine new tent that will seat 400 or more.

A young peoples rally day is named for Tuesday, August 18. A special call is made for 500 young men and women on that day. There is a feeling abroad that this will be a great day.

A Wash Twice a Year.

A charming Hungarian countess once said to me, "What is so nice about the men from England is that they look so clean, as if they had just come from a swim." Of course we pride ourselves on our morning tubs, splash and splutter and shiver and polish up with rough towels. "What dirty people those English are," remarked an Italian, "when they find it necessary to wash all over every day! Why, I only wash twice a year!" I have met Chinese who regard washing all over as a proceeding decidedly improper. A Chinese is washed when he is born, and he has no other altogether wash till he is dead. But we British people have adopted cleanliness only of recent years. Small houses have their bathrooms, but very few houses built over half a century ago were provided with bathrooms. I suppose those must have been the days of the Saturday night wash in the kitchen. Certainly our gay cavalier ancestors in silks and ruffles must have been a dirty gang. Handkerchiefs were not invented, and the velvet cloaks must often have been greasy. The rollicking old times were very dirty old times.—Baths, Pleasant and Other Wise.

Don't Forget.

The sale of Wells' stocks at the old stand—commencing Saturday August 15, for bargains! Bargains! Bargains!

by Jenkins 4. Base on balls—off Mack 3, off Osborne 1, off Jenkins 1. Umpire—Goehler.

M'ILVAINE HANDS DOWN DECISION

Judge J. A. M'Ilvaine yesterday handed down an opinion upholding the validity of the poll tax imposed by Monongahela on the Monongahela and Charleroi Street Railway Company. The railway company had sought an injunction to restrain the city from collecting from it an annual license fee of \$1 per pole. The plaintiff's petition is dismissed with costs.

In the year 1907 the city council, by ordinance fixed the tax of \$1 per pole. The court holds that as the ordinance giving the street railway company the privileges and rights of the streets required them to pay the special tax required by the city which was enforced at the time they sought it and they should have made their objections then, and in the opinion of the court the company is liable for the payment of the license tax.

MEADOWLAND MINERS GO TO NEAR DANGER LINE

Twenty one miners of the Meadowlands region have been arrested on warrants sworn out for violation of the mining laws in going beyond the danger line in the mines of United Coal Company at Meadowlands. The men will have a hearing before Justice McKnight on Saturday evening at 5 o'clock. The information against the miners was made by Inspector Charles McCracken, of the 24th district.

Late last evening nearly all the men had been arrested by Officer Kitchie. It is claimed that the miners had been warned about crossing the danger line in the mine, but that they had disregarded the warning which endangered the lives of other miners who obeyed the law.

The crossing of the danger line would have resulted in heavy loss to the company also had an explosion occurred.

Attorney A. M. Templeton represents the state in this matter. He will look after the interests of the coal company at the hearing.

LENHART CASE

AUGUST 24

The trial of the case of J. I. Lenhart, who was indicted on February term on a charge of conspiracy with O. F. Piper to defraud the Peoples bank of California, has been set for trial Monday, August 24. There are 190 counts in the indictment.

At the February term a verdict was granted and Piper pleaded guilty. Lenhart's case was continued to the May term, when a further continuance was granted to the August term on account of illness of a material witness.

Kirk and Clark will commence the sale of the Wells' stock of Dry Goods at 50 cents off the dollar. The sale will be held in the Wells' store on Fifth street. Every hour will be a bargain hour.

CLERKS AND COOKS WANTED. Apply Friday at 10 o'clock to Kirk and Clark, McKean avenue.

The Large and Increasing Business

Of the First National Bank shows that the people realize that it is a Safe and Conservative Banking Institution. Your account is invited with assurance of satisfaction in every transaction.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

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Open from 8 to 9 P. M. On Saturdays

Depository for the State of Pennsylvania

J. E. Tenor, Pres. F. B. Newton, Vice-Pres. R. H. Rush, Cashier.

You Can Safely and Conveniently Bank With Us by Mail

Entry Blank

Sports Committee, Merchants' Outing, Eldora Park, August 19, 1908.

Please enter my name as one of the contestants in

Event.....

Name.....

Street and No.....

Fill out the Entry Blank and leave at Mail office or hand to the committee at Entry Stand on day of outing.

List of Sports

100 yard Dash, free for all.....	1st Prize \$5.00	2nd Prize \$2.50
50 yard Dash, married women.....	2.00	1.00
50 yard Dash, fat men, 225 lbs. or over.....	2.00	1.00
100 yard Dash, boys not over 16 years.....	1.00	.50
Boys' three-legged race, 50 yards.....	1.00	
Hop, step and jump, free for all.....	1.00	
Quoit Contest.....	2.00	
Melon Eating Contest.....	.50	.25
Tug of War.....		Losers Treat.

Buttons, Badges and Pins

No matter what order you bring in, or what your degree may be, we will supply you the correct emblem in authentic colors. Whether your tastes be simple or elaborate, we can suit you. Should you want an emblem especially, we will submit sketches of various designs, and then make something handsome to your order.



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515 McKean Avenue

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